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THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR.

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KING JNO. F. HOBBS

The Noted South Carolinian a King.

A Legendary Fighting Chief—The Greatest Living Traveller.

He's a Lexington Boy—Educated in Newberry—Lived in Edgefield, and is of Good Old South Carolina Stock—Twelve Years a Literal Rambler—He Gathered Fame, Fortune, and Health.

Fearing that the illustrious young Carolinian who is now well known on three continents would probably not reach Edgefield on his hurried visit to his native State before proceeding to Chicago, the ADVERTISER made special effort to have him interviewed, knowing that what he might say would be read with interest in this State and abroad. The great traveller was surrounded by a bevy of admiring listeners and friends, but gracefully excused himself when our representative called and solicited the privilege of an interview. "He's the same bright, brilliant, sparkling John Hobbs of old, only more so," writes our representative, "and travel and fame have not turned his head nor made a fool of him. It never will."

"Col. Hobbs, on behalf of myself and the oldest newspaper in South Carolina, I am happy to welcome you back to your old State after your years of adventurous wandering."

"Thank you, I love this old State, and am happier here than elsewhere."

"You must now be the most extensively travelled man in the world."

"May be so. I can't say. In twelve years I have been in nearly every nook and corner of the world."

"I thought so. I am requested by the ADVERTISER to solicit an interview with you on any matter of travel or experience you may feel inclined to talk about."

"I have a high regard for the Edgefield ADVERTISER, and don't mind saying a bit as you have come so far. I feel somewhat timid in dashing too recklessly into wonders."

"Why?"

"I'll tell you. Travel is an awkward and complicated piece of machinery. It teaches a man the size of the world, and the smallness of the man on it. The individual who has not travelled will admit that the world is full of wonders. But he has fixed the size, color, and amplitude of those wonders in his own mind, so he rejects any sacrilegious violation of his models involved in descriptions by an eye witness of that same wonder. The eye writes a thing on the brain and the tongue talks it off. For this reason one's description should be accurate and his impressions true, yet, when a traveller sits down and relates his own experiences, and pictures what he has seen to the average crowd they smile at each other and murmur 'snake.' They don't believe you. Why, the other day I was relating to a mixed audience of lawyers and educated business men that I saw a girl in the New Britain group of islands who was a mother at 11 years of age. Some one (I believe it was a university doctor) said 'thumbs up gentlemen.' I then related the fact that the natives of the south sea islands have never seen an animal larger than a hog, and a small one at that. So one day I was relating to them the fact that there existed an animal as big as their war-tis (huts) called an elephant, when one of them remarked 'gentlemen, thumbs up.' My interruptor saw the point. That is the trouble the traveller meets among the untravelled. And that is why I feel a timidity in stepping too far beyond the experiences of my audience. The human mind reasons by analogy. If you get

beyond its experience, its analogy cannot reach you and ignorance slams the door of unbelief in your face. You then realize for the first time, perhaps, that, to your listener, 'a fact is a lie and a half.' You've written your inscription on the stone, but the stone does not think."

"There are volumes of human philosophy in what you say, Colonel."

"It involves the human mass, barring the moving and thinking exceptions. There is another thing brought painfully home to the traveller."

"What is that?"

"Why the accumulating inaccuracy of books. Errors creep into the works of noted authors. They then find their way into the encyclopedias and standard works where they are perpetuated and quoted back at you by people who read and have travelled in their libraries, but no where else."

"How many? Pappas are there in New Guinea?" said a man to me the other day.

"Well, I do. There are over 2,500,000."

"How do you know?"

"He took down his authority."

"But how do they arrive at that conclusion when New Guinea is practically unexplored?"

"I don't know," he said, "but there is the undisputed authority."

"The authority knows nothing about it," I ventured to add, and continued "New Guinea belongs to the English, Germans, and Dutch. The Germans have about traded it to England or abandoned their interests. The island is 800 miles long by about 300 wide, and no one has been across or through it. A census enumerator wouldn't get far before he'd be roasted for a Xmas turkey. All these aboriginal censuses are taken in this way. The population of friendly tribes are taking on a known area of country and then this is multiplied with the whole area which is

longitude distances of marine surveys. But all native tribes live near water—on the coasts and rivers. Well, all early explorations are confined to the coasts and rivers, because navigation is easy, and it is therefore safer. The estimate of native population is, therefore, based on the thickest people'd part of the islands and on the presumption that settlement is uniform. There are not more than 100 whites in British New Guinea. German New Guinea has less, and Dutch New Guinea, perhaps, 300 white souls. This is one instance of book error, and what is true of New Guinea is true of every practically unknown land."

I know His Excellency, Sir William MacGregor, Governor of British New Guinea, and Mr. A. Musgrave, the Premier. They smile at the statistics of the authority. The Encyclopedia Britannica says 'all is frozen into bricks in Tasmania and shipped to the other Australian colonies.' But, to an Englishman, this book and his Bible are twins in his unshakable faith."

"And it is not true?"

"No. It is ridiculous on the face of it. But there it is. The great 'pedia is full of them."

"You surprise me."

"It used to surprise me a lot until I became used to it. I had a long siege of literary sea-sickness by having my early school and book learning so unceremoniously shaken up after having so much of it settled into a bed rock of literary faith."

"How are we to do?"

"Go on believing the books until you or the books learn better. To know something is better than to know nothing, even if the something you know doesn't exist. In that case you have some kind of a storage of knowledge that destroys the horrid vacuum ignorance creates, you know nature's feelings on vacuums."

"Why don't you give the world your valuable experience in some books?"

"I have preferred to perfect my information first, balance it, and mature it afterwards before slipping my head between book covers. There are two sets of dangerous writers. One set have spring-board brains. A thought hardly jumps on the plate before it is jumped off either into a book, or a newspaper, or a magazine. Its life depends upon the temperature of that subject in the public mind,

or upon the general respect in which the writer is held by his readers. He writes as it strikes him, and it strikes him by the light of his previous experience and not by the conditions producing the very thing he sees, because he does not, and cannot understand these conditions on a pop call, Archibald Forbes is a conspicuous example of this lot. The other class consist of men who have made a literary name by industry and study in the sphere of their life-long labors; have unbounded faith in their own opinions; have impressed the public with their power; receive their own impressions as axioms, give them out as such, and look for them to be accepted unquestioned. They are a sort of *ipse dixit* crowd that write with the fever and dawning of a Divine inspiration. J. A. Froude, the eminent English historian, is an illustrious example of this class. He spent years writing the great history on which his name and fame rest, then he rushed off to Australia for the first time in his life, catching literary feathers as he went on a flying tour of three months, then dashed off with equal authority but greater speed, his work "Oceana," which is a laughing stock for every swagman in the country and every one else who knows anything about that country. So I was amused when Froude asked me 'What do the people down there think of my Oceana?' 'They think that if you had written 'Fraud' across it instead of 'Froude' under it, the book would have been accurate.' The answer didn't amuse him. The man believed his own dictums so implicitly that he couldn't see how they could ever be questioned by others."

"I suppose you do meet a lot of queer people and get strange glimpses of the human family?"

"As a matter of course. The most annoying man in the world, perhaps, is the man who has made a short trip and then insists on pressing you with the fact and insists on telling you all about it. I was once in Mauritius. This you know is an island in the Indian ocean and belongs to England now, though it once belonged to the French. They traded it for some treaty concession. The Mauritians really consists of one large and a group of small islands. The capital is Port Louis, which, you know, was nearly wrecked by that fearful storm that tore up the Indian ocean so recently down there."

"What do they grow there?"

"Sugar, spices, deer, and rum. They have a deer park with over 1,000,000 deer in it. The meat is exported; also the skins. The population consists of 400,000 people, mostly Creole French and whites. The government is English, with English and French or native laws in force in two sets of courts. The laws are in English, the newspapers are in both, and the language of the people a *patois* French. But I am drifting. While steaming from the English possession of Mauritius, then under the governorship of Sir John Pope Hennessey, (whom I had the pleasure of meeting) to the French possession of Reminion, (Bourbon) a well educated Mauritian thus accosted me on the steamers' deck:

"I understand from Capt. Baner that you are a great traveller."

"I have travelled a bit."

"So have I, and I thought we might be mutually entertaining to each other."

"Yes. There is nothing pleasanter than comparing old diaries to see the impression each received from the same thing," I remarked, then proceeded to find the lands of his wanderings: 'You've been to Australia, I presume. I've just come from there.'

"No," he hadn't been there.

"Doubtless you've travelled in Africa."

"No." He hadn't been there.

"Then you know Asia well."

"He hadn't been there. Yet he had told me he was on his way to Europe for the first time. In disgust I floored both of us by asking in desperation: 'Have you been to Bourbon?' Bourbon was about 150 miles up in the ocean."

"No." He had not been there.

"In the name of goodness man, where have you been?"

Disgust spread over his face as he rose with a dignity becoming Chesterfield, and said—

"Why, I've been all around the

island.' The island is about 100 miles in circuit.

This story got into the papers. Some men absorbed it like a liver pad and one or two have dealt it out to me as original. This is the class of immovables who sit in a crowd and hang on to your narrative with their mouths wide open in unfeeling ignorance of the horde of flies using that mouth as a box seat."

"A man of your daring nature must have met and overcome great obstacles."

"You can't penetrate into an inhospitable country, among wild, hungry, human-eating people, with scarcity of water and supplies without meeting something distasteful and hair-splitting, sometimes hide-splitting."

To get an idea of that country, Australia, you must remember that the island-continent is over 2,000 miles north and south by over 3,000 miles east and west, and contains 3,200,000 square miles of territory—larger than the United States. Now roll our American history back behind the Revolutionary war to the time when we had only 3,000,000 people here as they have there. Then settle them in a crescent around the east coast as is the case there, and was here, with a few pioneers and frontiersmen sneaking the white banner further west, and you have the land with its white invader. Spread over the whole Western wilds a fierce, savage, untamable race of cannibals, instead of Indians, and you have the land and people of Australia, to-day. Place a foolhardy and reckless man of adventure in the middle of it, and you have me. Now you have the position. The last is the fourth expedition I have made into the unexplored interior of this wild and hot land. The first and last were the most noteworthy to me, personally, because I faced death more than once on each expedition. I will treat them all together as I can."

I had learned early in 1882 that none of the South Sea Islanders made long distances at night. They go into camp and are only too glad to stop there. It would be only the most horrible apprehension of danger that would move them. They are mortally afraid of darkness. In darkness lurks all their superstitious ideas of evil. Night is filled with evil in their mind. All good is in light. Hence, their Great Spirit, or God, is white and eternal. Their fear of darkness is so great that you never see their village or camp fires out. They are always burning. I used to keep my camp fires going too, until I learned that greater security lay in shedding no light abroad. This information was got in a fight with the Cloucurry tribes.

It was a close call, and an uneven fight, a fight of twelve men against about 200—rifles, revolvers, and knives against spears, battle axes, and boomerangs. We must have gone down eventually, as they closed in and fought front and rear, fencing in the circle of our camp fire. While standing astride of a wounded companion, thus letting my defence of self also defend him, two spears passed through my clothing and a boomerang whizzed past as I dodged a vicious throw from another spearman. The weapon barely grazed the skin, as the other instrument of death sang its terrible note over my head. Had I not ducked to give the javelin clear way, that merciless boomerang would have gone grinding and burning into my stomach. Their speed is so terrific that they burn into their object. At this critical juncture, a cloud burst over head and the torrent of rain that fell put out our fires. The battle ceased and our adversaries left. It was a close call. We could not light up and they did not return. We lost two men, and had five wounded. It was in this fight that I caught a flying spear and rammed it into a black fellow who was beating down one of my men with a stone axe.

In this encounter I fought with a revolver and tomahawk. We did not know their casualties as they took their dead with them. They also got my Chinese cook who, getting frightened, cleared away into the bush and was promptly killed. The day after the next we came on a camp of blacks. I opened up a parley with them. We became friendly after awhile. I was sure they were a portion of the crowd we had fought so desperately.

They had mistaken us for police escort on the night of the encounter. These occasional invaders under escort of 'black trackers' are treated as their natural enemies and are attacked at all hazards."

"How did you suspect that the tribe you were now friendly with were your enemies the day or so before? They'd be warlike I should think."

"Not necessarily. These people are shrewd. By their very friendliness they throw you off the scent. They read in your face whether they can trust you. And when they don't want to fight you they succeed in making you think they never did fight you. They are true physiognomists. But how did I know them? I saw some of Ah Sue's clothes about. The blacks are perfectly nude, so it was a bit ludicrous to see Ah Sue's coat used for female trousers. I found that this camp was a portion of a tribe whose dialect I could understand. If they had spoken during the weird night of the battle, we could have saved that encounter, but these people fight in silence."

Approaching ahead of my men, I called out *Ugalla Watton*. The treaty man stepped forward and stood in front of me in all the strength of his naked magnificence. I explained to him that we were friendly and only travelling through the country. The tribe stood up and advanced unarmed. Our squad advanced behind him and took our seats. The warriors had just resumed their seats for the first rest in the feast dance, and now moved off into the second stage. As the curiously colored and Zebra-striped men slowly moved out, their bodies trembling and twitching all over, and swayed from side to side, then twisting into a wild and fantastic contortion, bounding the whole body over the ground as if suddenly impelled by erratic electric batteries, my eyes rested pathetically on a low fresh mound the thought that this was the grave of some of their dead. The foot steps and contortions of this weird dance kept time with the uniform beat of leather and sticks on the ground accompanied by the sad, low moaning chant of the women with now and again a mad shriek of a warrior, or group, denoting some wild joy or maddening delight of his soul. The dance had ceased. Four stalwart men advanced to the little fresh mound and began uncovering it. When down about a foot a hot steam rose on the air. But a little further and the smell of the cooked meat floated upwards.

The chief gave the command to raise the feast. The four cooks lifted from its earth-oven and laid on a straw mat the roasted body of Ah Sue. The sight nauseated and sickened me. It was my first sight of a cannibal feast. I prayed it to be my last. But it was not. This was no time for sentiment. My heart was stronger than my stomach, which I gradually mastered as the feast progressed. Dave, one of my party, turned to me with a pale face and said, 'Captain I am sick,' and vomited. 'Courage my man. We are at their mercy, and must simply look on at this horrible thing.' The warriors gathered around, and we were invited to partake. I declined. You can safely decline to eat an Australian black's food. He takes it as a compliment, and feels it is more food left for him. The head master now began carving up my late cook, using stone knives and stone axes. The meat and limbs were torn from the body. Certain choice parts were parcelled out to the chief men. The smaller limbs and bones fell to the less important warriors, while the head, feet, and refuse went to the women. He had not been dismembered in the preparation. Cleanliness is no part of their domestic economy."

Though it has been now eleven years ago, I still see these hungry, ravenous cannibals sitting Turkish fashion in that unexplored land knowing the half cooked flesh with fiendish delight from the bleeding bones of my good old Chinese cook. Ah Sue was an excellent cook, and he seemed to be excellently cooked."

"What did they do with their own dead, eat them?"

"No. They never eat their own tribe, unless under the most starving circumstances. They will kill and eat an illegitimate child in their own tribe, because they do

not recognize it as their tribal blood."

They eat an enemy, or white, or Chinaman. All the South Sea Islanders prefer Chinamen. I don't know why, unless it is that they do not eat salt in their food, and their opium eating makes the flesh tender and soothing. But they love it."

"How do they cook?"

"Different ways. Ah Sue was cooked by digging a hole his length, building a fire in it and burning it down until the oven was baked and hot. He was then put in the place and covered up until done, then uncovered and brought out. In the same way they cure fever. The excavation is allowed to cool to a certain warmth. The patient is put in and covered up, leaving his head out above the ground. He sweats the devil out of him, as they call it. In Fiji, a popular way of cooking is to strap the human carcass to a pole—hands and feet outstretched—and turn it over as it bakes. Cannibalism only exists in the out islands of the Fiji group now."

"You say you have seen other Cannibal feasts?"

"Yes. Many of them. I once saw a brutal mother help to eat her own child—an illegitimate one. There is only one Australian tribe I know of that is guilty of such low abnormal taste. This was two or three years ago. I stumbled in on these people while on my reckless journey into the Pituri country. I had been travelling, earlier in the journey, with a raiding squad of police and black trackers who were tracing the retreat of a tribe that had made an excursion into the settlements, and speared a lot of cattle and some whites. While on that expedition, and in a battle with the natives, I was run through with a spear, which I broke and pulled out from the back. It was about ten feet long and passed right

in this combat that I performed the accidentally extraordinary feat of fencing down the fine sharp-shooting boomerang now in Sifey Museum, Newberry College, South Carolina. I got one; the other got me—the spear did. I walked over 2,000 miles on this expedition. Subsequently, after my recovery, while tramping further back, I wandered into a large village of Warleys and was well received. The old king at once knew my face. These people never forget a face. I was welcomed. I had been so long in the country of branches of this tribe, or nation, that I could speak the language quite well. So I was doubly welcomed."

"You Igwana?" he asked me. "Me Igwana," I replied, for membership of the tribe meant protection, and I was glad to avail myself of the opportunity of being naturalized in so simple a manner. On seeing my boomerang, which I carried and could throw quite well, he shook with that dull coarse delight characteristic of a morbid nature. The boomerang was his, and I had astonished him and won his admiration by capturing it. He gave it to me. That is he didn't take it from me. After showing me his royal mark on the end of the boomerang he called up his warriors and introduced me in one of the most flattering stretches of the imagination that ever struck the ear: 'This,' he said, 'is the great White Chief (Nana Wallaby) of the great White Spirit. Spears dance in front of him, and go round him, but they will not touch him. (That was a pretty good lie, as I nearly did from the one that crashed through me). Bomberang lose wings, play around, and die before him. (Showing the prized right and left weapon captured). See! The king's mighty flyer refused to come back home. See! Nana Wallaby! pointing to me. Igwana. Big White Spirit bring him, great white chief, to Igwana. He kill great bad chiefs this way, that way—(pointing north and east) and he will kill all enemy to Igwana nation that way,' (pointing west. He made no reference to the South). A fanatic dance set in and before I knew what was up, I was duly installed and paid homage as Nana Wallaby, the Great White Chief of the large and powerful tribe of the Igwana, in the wilds of Australia; the heaven sent chief whose imaginary past feats were chanted in the camps, and whose conjured up powers over fanciful enemies is

now being woven into the fireside legends by which the old story teller of the tribe entrances the lone night hours, and moves the warrior spirit and courage of the tribal fighter. Well, I wouldn't destroy that romance by my presence, for a lot."

"So you are a great Australian chief?"

"They've made me so. I didn't. What I did was to save my life, and I was pleased with my success. The Igwana are great cannibals."

"You are a king in the New Hebrides, too, are you Colonel?"

"Yes. I believe so. I have a royal mat down there, and absolute authority over a few thousand people."

"What is your royal name?"

"Oumalia. It sounds better than it looks. And the natives are better than they look. I am fond of my 'boys'."

"I suppose, Colonel, your adventurous career has led you into some close places."

"Naturally, I have been shipwrecked twice, standing once nine hours on the aft of a steamer that broke in two on a rock at night, in a fearful gale—all forward drowned—and only thirty feet of deck above water astern; batted down three times, from a day to two days at a time under hatches in storms at sea; floated once on a cask of butter in the English channel; the only man to escape from the eruption of Terawera volcano, in New Zealand; miraculously escaped when the volcanic tidal wave swept over nearly half of Java to Borneo, and drowned thousands; had a few narrow squeaks in fights with the natives; nearly perished from thirst twice in exploring a waterless country; mixed up in a few other things. Well, yes, I guess you can put me down as having had a few excitements. But nearly twelve years rambling in this universe will do that, you know."

"We thought it would."

He is sorry he cannot come to Edgefield just now as he has so much literary work to do and has to unofficially represent the Australian government departments at the World's Fair. Besides he is writing books. He says he never forgets old friends in Edgefield.

It Costs You Nothing.

We are pleased to announce that we have made arrangements by which we are prepared to supply free to each of our subscribers a year's subscription to that well known monthly home and farm Journal, the American Farmer, published at Springfield and Cleveland, Ohio. We make this offer to each of our subscribers who will pay up all arrearages on subscription and one year in advance, and to all new subscribers paying one year in advance. The American Farmer is strictly National in its character. It is a high-class illustrated journal filled with entertaining and instructive reading matter, containing each month much information that is invaluable to agriculturists and of special interest to each member of every home. It is suited to all localities, being National in its make and character, thus meeting with favor in all localities. It is strictly non-political and non-sectarian. It has a trained corps of contributors and is carefully edited. The various departments of Farm, Horticulture, Sheep and Swine, The Home, The Horse and the Dairy, are filled with bright and useful matter. The readers of the American Farmer are universal in its praise and look for its monthly visits with keen anticipation. The regular subscription price to the American Farmer is \$1.00 a year, but by this arrangement it costs you nothing to receive that great publication for one year. Do not delay in taking advantage of this offer, but call at once or send in your subscription, Sample copy of the American Farmer can be seen at the ADVERTISER office, or will be supplied direct by the publishers.

No telling What May Happen.

Philadelp. Record.

PITTSBURG, June 27.—While a farm hand in the employ of H. D. Burns, at Imperial, was milking a cow this morning the animal kicked him. Her hoof struck a box of matches in the man's pocket, igniting them and set fire to his clothing. He was stunned by the kick, and in a few minutes his clothing was burning fiercely. He ran through the barn screaming and before the fire was extinguished the man was perhaps fatally burned.

Every man having a beard should keep it an even and natural color, and if it is not so already, use Buckingham's Dye and appear tidy.

AT GREENWOOD.

General Gordon and Other Confederate Leaders Make Eloquent Speeches.

Augusta Evening News.

The Fourth of July was a great day in Greenwood, and the celebration was a glorious success. Every feature was fine and everybody in all the crowd was happy.

Gen. John B. Gordon was given an ovation, and his post as orator of the day was a proud one, especially as some of Carolina and Georgia's most eloquent speakers were also heard. The General was happy over the reception given him, and there is no doubt about his being almost as popular in Carolina as in Georgia.

Gen. M. C. Butler was at home, and he too, was given an ovation. Capt. James Armstrong of Charleston, and Col. Phil Carroll of Augusta also made big speeches and made themselves very solid with South Carolinians.

Augusta came in very strong in the celebration, and the Exposition banner waved proudly across the principal street of the city. General Manager John W. Clark of the Exposition attended in person, and his popularity in Carolina told when he made everybody promise to come to Augusta next fall.

General Manager Clark secured big exhibits also from the Greenwood Cotton Mill and the Anderson Cotton Factory, and the promise of others from over the river.

In the bicycle races, Beall, Field and Harker won all the races they entered, and bore Augusta's banner to victory. Our Y. M. C. A. Band furnished fine music, and Augusta was "in it" all around in Carolina and Georgia on the glorious Fourth.

From 6,000 to 7,000 people were present in Greenwood, and 1,100 old soldiers registered and enjoyed

From the San Jose Record.

A curious serpent has been seen on Mount Hamilton. It is represented to be twelve or thirteen feet long, with large red eyes that shine like stars in the night out of a head as long as a man's fist. This curious reptile was seen by a stockranger named Jack Wandall, the other day when he was out after some cattle. Wandall had only a long rope with a ring in the end. He was on a horse, and when the beast saw the reptile it stopped and snorted and refused to proceed that way. The snake was lying almost in the trail, apparently asleep. Wandall backed his steed, swung the rope, and let go at the monster, hitting it upon the head, whereupon the reptile rolled down into a deep gully at the bottom of the mountain, where the chase ended.

An English inventor is tempting the cyclist on Summer excursion with a rose colored scheme for increasing the luxury of his fascinating pastime. An umbrella can be fitted to the frame of the bicycle which is to keep the rider dry and cool in all weathers, and increase his speed of transit. It is light and strong, the stock and socket being made of steel tube; it can be put up or down instantly and entirely removed from the machine in less than a minute.

Ayer's Pills possess the curative virtues of the best known medicinal plants. These Pills are scientifically prepared, are easy to take, and safe for young and old. They are invaluable for regulating the bowels, and for the relief and cure of stomach troubles.

All the possible charities of life ought to be cultivated, and when we can neither be brethren nor friends let us be kind neighbors and pleasant acquaintances.

HUMPHREYS'

Dr. Humphrey's Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared. They are used for years in private practice and for over one hundred years with entire success. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named. They cure without dragging, purging or reducing the system and are in fact and deed the Sovereign Remedies of the World.

CURES.	
1—Fever, Congestion, Inflammation.	.35
2—Fever, Worn Fever, Worn Cold.	.35
3—Fever, Cough, Crying, Watkiness.	.35
4—Diarrhea, of Children or Adults.	.35
5—Dyspepsia, Colic, Bloating.	.35
6—Nervous, Toothache, Rheumatism.	.35
7—Rheumatism, Sick Headache, Vertigo.	.35
8—Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation.	.35
9—Suppressed or Painful Periods.	.35
10—Whitens, Too Profuse Periods.	.35
11—Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains.	.35
12—Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions.	.35
13—Nervous, Headache, Headache.	.35
14—Catarrh, Indigestion, Cold in the Head.	.35
15—Whooping Cough.	.35
16—Kidney Weakness, Wetting Bed.	.40
17—Nervous Debility.	.40
18—Primary Weakness, Wetting Bed.	.40
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SPECIFICS.